2: Kroeber E-5 (1930)1931 NU31 Seri NU31

789 Some shamans display their ability to hold live coals in their mouth.

Taboos

[88] 784 At first menstruation, the girl eats nothing (!) for 8 days, only drinking water. For 4 nights a *fiesta* is held for her, men and women dancing in a circle, anti-sunwise. She is outside the ring. Her head is not covered. San-pit roasting was unknown to the informant.

[841] At menstruation a woman drinks hot water. She may cook for others. She may not eat deer meat.

[844] After childbirth, both husband and wife eat only *atole* (gruel) and water, he for 4, she for 8 days. She may not work at all, he only a little, such as getting wood, "hunting" as necessary, etc.

[881] There is no puberty ceremony for boys. Nothing is said to be known of any rule forbidding a boy to eat of the first game killed by him.

[224]

[833] Continence before hunting deer was not observed. Nor was there any special treatment or respect due the deer carcass. It is said that deer meat could not be left behind unless there was too much, but this is probably a statement of practise rather than a taboo.

Dances

535 [727] Besides the girl's puberty dance, the Seri also had a scalp dance. Only the frontal piece of the scalp was used. This was hung on a pole. Men (armed) and women danced together around it. If the scalp fell down, all would die.

Dances seen were solo on a plank laid over a shallow pit. Several singers sat by, beating or rattling anything convenient. Each song and dance lasted scarcely three minutes. The tempo is fast. The step is a quick double shuffle with alternate feet. In one type, the dancer held to a stick with one hand, his body and hanging arm remaining as motionless as possible. Another type was without the stick, the dancer holding a gourd rattle and keeping his body bent forward somewhat.

534 171 Rattles are of gourds, e'Xëc, on a stick, or of cocoons, Xekakë'ntta. Deer-hoof rattles were denied. The cocoons are on a band worn below the knee. The Yaqui-Mayo wear such knee-bands of cocoons; and sometimes of deer-hoofs. The Gila Pima also know the cocoon band.

Various Religious Items

276 Datura (toloache, jimsonweed) does not appear to have been used. Even the plant seems unknown, although it is said to occur in the Seri range.

778 789 Rain making seems to be by amulet rather than by direct shamanistic power. For instance, Antonio Herrera wears a small object

Davis & Dawson 2-5 (1853-1869) 1865
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[161]

Sea turtle was still the staple meat, and with better boats and improved tools and tackle borrowed from the Mariana, the living was becoming considerably less harsh along the shores. They then had nine boats for some two hundred people. One good boat could ensure a living for five families, and they had well improved the minimum standard of living.

372
773

The origin of the use of fire among the Seri's is unknown, but they have their own story of it. One day Chico Romero, present chief of the Seris (Fig. 19), made a fire drill out of a piece of dry driftwood and showed how to make a fire by turning the stick between the hands. In three or four minutes the fine dust became a glowing punk which, with the aid of some dry grass and the wind, was quickly fanned into a flame. He was then induced to tell the legend. He looked about and pointed to a little green and blue-bodied fly and said: "The gods sent this fly down from the sky to show us how to make fire. Notice when it lands. Did you not see

[534]
[535]

FIG. 18. THE NATIVE DANCE
IS DONE ON TOP OF A TURTLE SHELL TO THE BEAT OF A BOW STRING BEING STRUCK WHILE THE BOW IS HELD AGAINST TWO INVERTED BASKETS OF SAND.

[p. 265 (B)]

000 wear ceremonial feathers as did our western Indians. I saw no skin or
164 cutaneous disease, or evidence of tuberculosis or of trachoma---the curse of our Indians.

142 One boy-child of five years was a handsome child---fat, round,
302 sturdy, with roving great black eyes, large thick lips, a picture of
[291] perfect health. He was almost naked. His hair was done in a pigtail
[657] with a red string braided into it. His face like all the others was dirty, but he waded into the shallow water with a short spear and I saw him catch two crabs with his little harpoon. The water did not bother his face.

415 They had no plates or eating tools, except large deep clam shells,
412 cast up by the sea, which served as cups and dippers. Their long, keen
264 belt knives were used for cutting, carving or skinning, and always the
[258] fingers for eating. They gathered in a circle around an olla of seeds of long grass growing on the sea bottom prepared by winnowing, parching and grinding, and then cooked with turtle oil. Each one dipped his or her fingers into the olla and conveyed them to the mouth without losing a drop, and licked them off with great relish.

231 The dogs eat with the family. There were six or seven half-starved
264 ones. If someone picked up a piece of turtle flipper the dog often took the first lick at it, bit off a piece or licked it before it reached the owner's mouth. The dogs were not punished. They were just slapped to keep them out of the pots.

123 We had a great time that evening in Seriland. The young man played
534 his violin. This consisted of a hollow box cut out of a *palo verde*
[824] tree, and a piece of pine about sixteen inches long; terminating in a
[283] hollow where a single peg was fitted. The one string was twisted deer
[237] sinew, and the bridge was a small round clam shell at the far end. The
[533] bow was a small bent stick and some black horsehair. On the handle was a wad of rosin fastened underneath. By fingering this string a few weak squeaky notes were made, and this was the classical music of the Seris.

Manuel Encina seized his gourd rattle and began chanting. Herrera tapped a tin can and I beat on an inverted basket and the orchestra
• 535 was in full swing. A young girl, Rosa, dragged out a turtle shell and
123 standing on it began to dance. This dance consisted of stepping up and down quickly with each foot alternately, and this stamping, barefooted, emitted a hollow sound. Every once in a while I let out an
[126] Indian yell which pleased the Seris very much. For two hours they had a real swell time. We took one flashlight of the proceeding.

[342] Each family was in their hut, which afforded very slight shelter
[342] as they were only partially roofed over and the sides were broken
[334] down in places. The huts were all adjoining and each had a little
[341] campfire, which did not give much illumination, so the dancing was in semi-darkness.

{text continues on p. 163]

535 semi-darkness.
123 Soon two little boys joined the dance, stepping up and down in the sand. Lighted only by the flickering flames of the driftwood fires on the shores of this mysterious and dreaded isle, the soft murmur of the sea as a refrain to the wild chanting, the weird circling of glittering eyes, and wild dark faces, presented a scene of uncanny and savage fascination witnessed by white men probably for the first time.

[533] After each stanza there was a short rest. The singing was similar to most other tribal chanting.

582 Bob made the remark that the girl was old enough to be broken in
586 by the old Chief. I said, "How?"
622

He said, when a girl thirteen or fourteen has her menses, the
583 Chief takes her and goes through the family act. This is called
[830] 'breaking her in'. She is then eligible for marriage. A young man desiring marriage has to purchase the girl by giving the father a boat or rifle, both being necessary to the Seri's existence and pro-
535 tection. At the wedding they have sort of a fiesta and much mescal is drunk, which properly solemnizes a wedding.

844 When a girl has a baby it usually comes very naturally and easily,
845 but I remember one girl's first baby was three days in coming, and she suffered a great deal. This was on a subsequent trip. She was staying with many of her people on the mainland and someone asked them if they didn't want a doctor or other help. They said: No, they had one. It was a Medicine Man who chanted over the girl and dug hollows in the sand to fit her heels into. He said that the legs had to be kept apart. This was all he did. But ordinarily there is no trouble, and if a baby is born at noon the mother is up and doing, and cooks supper
[543] for her lord and master. The men treat their wives with kindness and each shares with the other any delicacy.

442 In Seriland domestic duties are reversed from the usual Indian
[303] methods. The men get the water and the women get the wood. This con-
[402] sists mostly of driftwood gathered along the shore, and it is a picturesque sight to see a string of women and girls bringing in loads of wood in baskets on their heads at sunset.

622 There are no plural marriages, but sometimes when a Chief is old,
595 or rather when his wife is old and can have no more babies, he can take a younger woman as his wife. The present Chief is getting old now, almost too old to break in the girls, so they may get a younger man. This might be called the perquisites of office. He takes the cream.

932 They hunt lice in the head and eat them. This is said to increase
825 the amorous desires. The penis of the male turtle is cut out and dried. This is pounded and pulverized and placed in the food of the women. This is said to create a desire for a man and the family act.

648 123 friend of his from Guaymas, although only the upper part of the sail was visible. This greatly frightened the women who began packing to escape to the interior. They thought they were friends of ours and it was a plan to have them land. Bob proposed to go out and meet them, and if possible get provisions. With the Chief and two other Seris, Bob and his brother, leaving the firearms behind, hoisted the sail and headed for the mouth of the bay.

When they reached the Infernillo the sloop veered away, its crew being afraid of being killed by the Seri. There were six men and boys and they mustered all the rifles and stood ready to fight. They had just had trouble three days before at San Estevan. At last the wind veered and they had to stop and Bob waved his cap. Finally they got close enough to talk, and then came on board and secured some provisions---a little coffee, sugar, fresh onions, tomatoes and rice, and a little flour for the Chief. They had a fair wind back and returned about dusk.

123 At night everybody was happy. I had gathered two pails of oysters that are exposed on the rocks at low tide and I had built a fire over them so they would open readily, and then had cut them out. We made a sort of stew then, enough to go around the crowd.

123 534 [535] After supper the Indians gave a dance, a very weird affair. I have seen nearly all the musical instruments used by the Indians of the Southwest and Mexico in their ceremonial dances, but the Seris were the first tribe I had ever seen use the bow and arrow as a musical instrument. A six-foot bow with a tightly stretched bowstring of twisted sinew was held, back down, on two inverted bowl baskets by one of three men, all of whom struck the string with arrows. This [533] emitted a musical baritone note like the vibration of a piano wire, in perfect rhythm to the weird chanting of the three musicians, singing a wild plaintive air.

535 123 The dancer, Manuel Encina, a grim old boy, facing the orchestra, mounted the back of a turtle shell resting over a hollow in the sand, as a resonator, with a long staff held in his right hand to steady him, and gave one of the prettiest exhibitions of the double shuffle on the rounded top of an oily old turtle shell that I have ever seen. At the end of each *canto* there was a rest, and then they went at it again. This lasted two hours, and was lighted by a feeble camp fire and moon and was danced on the shore.

123 Before daybreak the following morning we arose, loaded the boat, and then the Indians brought a lot of things, besides three or four rifles. Then two young Indians jumped in. We were so crowded that we could not move. The two Indians and two of our men used paddles as we were too crowded to row. There were seven men besides all the junk, and the boat was so loaded and so cranky there was imminent danger of capsizing. At the least movement she would dip to the edge of her

439 little gods I traded some muslin, a harmonica and some *panoche*. For
123 native hair brushes, I traded three fine-tooth combs for catching *piojos*, or lice, easier. I gave each woman a little round mirror and they were greatly pleased.

To the old Chief I presented a good pocket knife and a mirror. For the bow I traded a spark lighter. By striking the edge of a small wheel with milled edge it strikes a spark from a small flint and lights a wick.

123 We asked for a dance, and the Seris, using the bow and striking
• 535 sticks for music, the slender girl jumped up and down on a flat piece
[534] of tin which served, instead, of a turtle shell and also served for
[252] baking flour cakes upon also. A while before, Louis had seen a woman
[415] wash her head and that of a child in the chamber pot, empty the water and then cook in it.

After the girl had danced a while on the tin, old Manual Encina pushed her away and hopped on himself and did the double-shuffle for half an hour, after which we left for our camp.

197 The language of the Seris is the most difficult and peculiar I
194 have ever heard. It is spoken deep in the throat with the mouth open and sounds like no other language I have ever heard except that there are some sounds like Papago.

439 Even before breakfast of the next day we were still trading with
123 the Indians, and in an hour or so I possessed nearly everything they had except their rags. They seemed happy and contented and postponed their trip to Hermosillo. I left some stuff with Louis Thomson to be traded later for bows and arrows, Pelican skin dresses and baby cradles.

We then arranged our loads, said *Adios* to the Seris, and left for Hermosillo, where we arrived without accident about six-thirty p.m. The sun was very hot and the road heavy and the sun glaring, and we were all very tired when we reached town. I stored my stuff with Mr. Marks at Hotel Cohen, and will crate it before leaving for Yaqui River.

123 Before leaving the Seri Chief I told him that whenever he saw
202 this sign---Circle Bar D and left hand below it, it was me---their friend, and not to shoot at me. He said he would tell all the Seris, and I left him my card with the same sign on it. When will I see him again!

123 Clustered near this well were brush windbreaks joined together, divided
[36] by brush partitions all open on one side. Here were gathered several
[37] Seri families. There was no such thing as privacy or seclusion.
[342]

As soon as we stopped and unloaded we were immediately surrounded by a curious, half-starved mob of forty men, women and children, about fifteen to twenty children. All dirty, all ragged, all hungry. Some of them I recognized: others were new to me.

While preparing and eating our supper this motley crowd formed a circle about us and hungrily watched every mouthful. We gave them a little food and an orange all around, and they finally left. By that time we had also finished our bread and coffee and followed to the brush shelters.

• 535 A dance was immediately started. A place was hollowed in the sand,
123 a few short planks placed over it, and the dance was on. Music was
[533] furnished by men tapping on an inverted basket and chanting. Only one man danced at a time. Sand was thrown over the planks and the Indian danced a shuffle, scraping his bare feet on the boards. He held a staff in his right hand and danced to a song called in Spanish *El*
[37] *Toro*. Later on other dancers performed, then gave us the *venado* (deer) dance, taught them by the Yaquis.

This dancer represents a timid deer, hopping up and down to the time of a rattle held in the right hand, and the chanting of the singers. The *venado* dancers stooped over frequently, turning first to one side and then the other to look behind. Manuel Encina was the *venado* and Chico Romero, a very large young Seri, acted the part of a coyote, crawling and jumping on all fours and barking and every once in a while biting the calf or thigh of the *venado*, then jumping back and barking. It was acted with great realism, and the onlookers, especially the children, enjoyed it immensely.

A wilder, more barbaric scene was probably seldom witnessed in America than this gathering of Seris on the shores of the Gulf of California, dancing the *venado*. The camp fire threw a flickering light over dark fierce faces with low foreheads and frowsy unkempt hair.
[302] One man, Luis Torres, the head "ship carpenter" with a moustache and chin beard, his hair low-down framing his dark face, looked like a savage from the wilds of New Guinea. Another, Santo Blanco, a secondary chief below Juan Tomas, has a straggling moustache curling over cruel projecting lips which rarely smile, while his fierce black eyes peering through his black thatch of hair, have a perpetual scowl. The monotonous sing-song chant accompanied by the soft roar of the surf added an indescribable eeriness and weirdness to the dark night.

123 We soon turned in as it was then eleven o'clock, and we all fell asleep lulled by the waves of the sea.